#### GOSSE'S CONGREVE.

THE DRAMATISTS OF THE RESTORATION.

LIFE OF WILLIAM CONGREVE. GOSSE, M. A. 12mo. pp. 188, London: Walter Scott. Mr. Gosse undertook an unusually difficult task in writing a life of Congreve: first, because biographical material in this case is surprisingly meagre: second, because so many eminent men of letters had treated the subject before him. The gleaner who enters this originally barren field after Lamb, Hazlitt, Hunt, Macaulay and Thackeray requires uncommon confidence, and should be supported by uncommon capacity, or an amount and quality of fresh information justifying a resurvey of the drama of the Restoration. Mr. Gosse is fortified by no new evidence. He has cessors into the obscure record of the poet, whose to demonstrate the impressiveness of his character; whose dramatic productions prove the possession tion, namely, that Congreve was at no time the

considerable fortune of £10,000. retired from active life, had ceased to write for repred from active me, may ceased to write but the stage, and was broken in health. His reign came evident that the time for reform had arrived. was a short one, though remarkably brilliant.
Coming to town a young man of twenty-three, with his first play, "The Old Bachelor," in his pocket, he was taken up at once by Dryden, who was the first living man of letters, and who manisted a quick appreciation of and admiration for the bright and handsome youth. Scoring a great the bright and handsome youth. Scoring a great success at the opening of his literary and social career; the darling of great ladies, the oracle of the coffee-houses, the favorite of the first dramatic artists—the praise and flattery he encountered might well have turned his head. But in these might well have turned his head. But in these might well have turned his head. But in these might well have turned his head. But in these might well have turned his head. But in these might well have turned his head accountifely man of the coffee-houses, the favorite of the first dramatic artists—the praise and flattery he encountered might well have turned his head. But in these might well have turned his head. But in these might well have turned his head. But in these might well have turned his head. But in these might well have turned his head. But in these might well have turned his head. But in these might well have turned his head. But in these might well have turned his head. But in these might well have turned his head. But in these might well have turned his head and that the rich stranger by overdence was attempted. Certainly all that was printed in mitigation of Coliner's indictment only served to vanished, and in their place he finds coid and distant civility. After a few interchanges of which leads to enter the expose the weakness of the defendants. Dryden developes of a wish to listen to if interest taking have vanished and in their place he finds coid and distant civility. After a few interchanges of weakness of the defendants. Dryden developes of a wish to listen to interest taking have vanished. The place he finds countered to expose the weakness of the defendants. Dryden distant ci general evidences of his popularity and of the esteem in which his powers and accomplishments were held by his contemporaries there must be recognized conclusive proof of the reality of Congreve's distinction. The man whom John Dryden publicly named as his successor; the man whose genius Jonathan Swift admired; the man to whom Pope dedicated his translation of the "Had"; the man who numbered among his friends Addison. Steele, Tichell, and all the most eminent poets, prose-writers and intellectual producers of the time, must have been a person of interesting and said Congreve was the wittiest man she had ever of the Restoration, while undoubtedly reflecting attractive traits. Lady Mary Wortley Montague known, and that was an intelligent estimate, for genuine corruption in a part of the community, and abroad, and she was a theroughly competent prevailing morals. The principles of Paritanism, she had met all the wits of the day both at home critic. In fact, however, everybody seems to have liked the peet, and only once in his career do any unfriendly feelings toward him b tray themselves. It is, perhaps, significant that old Dennis the of austerity. Thersites of his age, never quarrelled with Con- Moreover, the immorality of the Restoration because of this friend's enmittee. He could enter not at various times been very bad, but they greve, indeed, once endeavored to reconcile these two bitter foes and nearly sace eded.

dene what on its face leads so doubtful. Many villages have taken their names from people, but not many people owe their patronymies to villages. Be that as it may the Congreves were of amenda deavailers, and they young post may be able that as it may the Congreves were of amenda deavailers, and they young post may be said to have inherited with his name the Restoration of these whole body of the dramatists in the villages with the found expression in his plays. What the saciety was which produced this fine flower of dramatic genism Macaulup has related. Then came those days, he write, "never to be recalled without a blush-the days of servitude which his character would be imperfect. It is noted that the should know a sword at his character would be imperfect. It is not different. Why, however, we don't say the village of the villout of blush-the days of servitude which his character would be imperfect. It is not different. Why, however, we don't say the villout of blush-the days of servitude which his character would be imperfect. It is not different. Why, however, we'll not the should know a sword at his character would be imperfect. It is not different to everything the early to some grapes to appear and the propose of the single that the should and the young post may be added that it was a shame to be so selfsh as that; and we would not have each able to shad the way on you one of them, to be side that was a shame to be so selfsh as that; and which has been a many the Centerey's and I would go Immediately and borrow plates and I would go Immediately and borrow plates and a would want to be so selfsh as that; and we would we and all would go Immediately and borrow plates and the way as the feel with his name the Restoration in the shed they were too far a strengthen to everything the early the was a flight that was a shame to be so selfsh as that; and which has the story is made the history is the said to have flighten the was a shame to be so selfsh as that; and who the himself. All when the we will win the

How is happened that he retained his reputation

French profigurey upon English morals at this period is, however, a most pertinent and even precised in the bediened state of the islanders of the canning and the contest heartst was too deeply rooted in the hearts of the islanders of the canning of the connected the topportunity to push his researches necess the Channel, and show the intimacy of the connected between the intellectual, ethical and even seeds conditions of the two matters, at the periodic rooter to The two matters, at the periodic rooter to The two mitions, and the periodic rooter to The two mitions, at the periodic rooter to The two mitions, and the evils was never disputed.

of profligacy was dried up, but the reservoirs were populous asylum for the insane. It is an attempt pied in European complications and in trying to sustain civilization. If we admire the dramatic ethical experiments. Therefore the current of morbid pathology and psychology that we freighted as fully with iniquities. But the mass ing the astonishing brilliancy and intellectual of the English people even at this period were force which they exhibit we should reflect that more Puritan than Cavalier. The violent politics the complete dissociation of intellect from soul of the day had so inextricably mixed morals and is really the most striking feature in the compo-

decencies of life. The idler the life of the anti-Puritan the more pronounced was this affectation of dissoluteness. On the stage the affectation is treated as a reality. Nice distinc-tions were incompatible with dramatic representa-tion. But the very fact that it became the custom tion. But the very fact that it became the custom | cover is concerned, Macaulay has written all that for women in attending these licentious plays to wear masks proves the existence of a public opinion adverse to the license exhibited in them. The vizard-wearers may have been hypocrites, as sketch of Congreve, but the reader of it will know Congreve and others accused them er being. But | very little of the man when he lays it down, and hypocrisy is a homage which vice pays to virtue, and a homage which is never paid save when virtue is felt to be the superior in force.

The soundness of this theory is borne out in another way, and a way which we venture to think is almost conclusive. When the literature of an age truly represents the dominant tendencies, be been able to penetrate no deeper than his prede- they evil or good, the rise of opposition to that literature is ineffective. In such periods the enstanding among his contemporaries was so high as deavor to bring about radical changes is futile. Protest and condemnation fall upon sterile ground. Reactionary effort is unavailing. Under the most of an almost unexampled brilliancy and wit; yet | inverable conditions the reform movement is a concerning whose intimate life scarce anything prolonged, desperate and discouraging struggle has come down to us. One presumption indeed against overwhelming odds, and it is only after Mr. Gosse has gone far to establish; the presump- years of persevering and ceaseless activity that it bears fruit. But when the corrupt Restoration man of wealth all his former biographers have as drama was to outward appearances in the full sumed him to be. Thackeray represents him as flush of assured success, intrenched in the approval a child of fortune, the petted protege of Halifax, of the leaders of literature and fashion, and secure the life-long pluralist, the favorite of successive in an ever-increasing public patronage, it was sufadministrations. The facts about which this ficient for one man, and he a proscribed outlaw, legend centres are two. Congreve was an office- obnexious to the Government, hostile to the Crown, holder for many years; and, dying, he left the then | an irreconcilable nonconformist and ultra Puritan, But Mr. Gosse shows that the office he held longest returned a very narrow income; that for years he must have had difficulty in making both most striking fact in Jeremy Collier's attack upon years he must have had dissectly in making tood the drama of the Restoration is, not that he struck tive appointment until some time after he had dereely and strongly, not that he saw the iniquity

> It may almost be said that no defence was The imperturbable satirist lost his temper. The polished writer became coarse and vituperative. Collier retorted upon him savagely, cogently, crushingly. This might have been borne, perhaps, but the cause was lost when public opinion declared openly for Collier's views, and the stage stood condemned and repudiated by its patrons. There was nothing more to be said, and to clinch the reforms, William, who had been waiting to see what the people thought, took prompt advantage of this evidence of their temper to set in motion the laws against indecency. Thus the stage ethics tion was largely a surface change; a reaction against an irrational and quite intolerable extreme

greve, never ceased to be on excellent terms with was exotic. It was French, not English, immoral-Congreve, too never discarded a friend ity. We do not assert that English morals had tain Pope one minute and Dennis the next. Con- were of a different character; more brutol, coarser and frankly shameless; more marked by a low sensual indulgence, perhars; more distinguished by and literary standing so long after he had coased to write and had withdrawn from active life Mr. Gosse endeavors to explain by suggesting that his very retirement took ind out of that competitive contest with his contemporaries which engaged and above all in or true and pure love hetwesh and and woman. Now, the chiese imported at the Restoration were whelly foreign and obnoxions with his contemporaries which engaged as a private such and this is a plausable with the contemporaries which engaged as a private such as seldent took sides his views and private to the fourth of the contemporaries which engaged to said a dave all in the sum of the fourth of the sum of the fourth of the contemporaries which engaged to said and this is a plausable with the contemporaries which engaged to said and this is a plausable with the contemporaries which engaged to said and this is a plausable with the contemporaries which engaged to said and this is a plausable with the contemporaries which engaged to said and this is a plausable with the contemporaries which engaged to said and this with the Restoration were whelly foreign and obnoxions to English the other private was almost from the madding erowd, and as beve all in the cold, explain the cold of the contemporaries which the co

analysis to that part of the subject which lay immediately under their hands. The influence of
growth and to cut the wings of its aspiration.
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The influence of growth and the cut the wings of its aspiration.

The influence of growth and the cut the wings of its aspiration. French proffigacy upon English morals at this period is, however, a most pertinent and even sentiment of the family and the domestic hearth myself, and though I should be denced sorry to be

Plyants," the "Witwoulds," were not mere lish, and few if any in other tongues. But there creations of the fancy. Had the been is nothing human about them. The society they they would have acted to empty houses. The depict is o artificial, so base, so victous, so destiproof that at least one very real phase of life was represented by Congreve appears in the strong re- dazzling intellectual light of Congreve's genius imsentments aroused by the pungency of his satire parts no warmth to the scene, but rather throws upon prevalent social vices and foibles. He him- over it a suggestion of diabelism. To do evil self told his critics that he could not be expected | for the sake of evil is according to the most to tickle them while he was plying the lancet, and orthodox doctrines thoroughly devilish; and that his intimation that his satire struck at genuine is what the comic dramatists of the Restoration appear to consider the mainspring of The court circle and those outer rings of society action. This drama in short reflects which watched and copied the court circle were a hopelessly diseased condition of society; undoubtedly corrupt. With the accession of William, it may be said that the central fount that which can be examined at any time in a so full that it took a generation to empty them. to make existence successful and satisfying by William, too, was for some years too much occu- excluding from it the only influences which can understand his new subjects to venture upon pictures of this abnormal period it is as studies seemed to flow steadily and strongly as ever, should consider them chiefly, and in contemplat-

with psalm-singing and conventicles, the common | biography is in most respects little more than

need be said of Congreve, so carefully and in so masterly a way that little remains for his followers. Mr. Gosse has written an interesting unless prepared by previous study in other directions he will fail to grasp the meaning of the perverse literary manifestations which were only symptomatic of a moral disease the nidus of which was not in England at all.

#### PEOPLE OF TITLE.

A SATIRICAL COMMENT ON ENGLISH LIFE. ARISTOCRACY. A Novel, 12mo. pp. 257. D. Appleton & Co.

This is undoubtedly an amusing book. It is counting out Thackeray's, have a way of being. It is rather clever, though not up to the standard of "Democracy," of which book its title naturally reminds us. It is unnecessarily coarse in spots, and its introduction of the slightly changed names of real persons is outrageous and indefen-

" Aristocracy" relates an episode. An American, whose father has a mint of money, visits a noble English family at the invitation of a younger son, who owes him much kindness and not a little money. Almost from the moment he enters the house of his friend he is an object of discourtesy, and when a doubt arises us to his money, he is treated to open insult. Here is one of his pleasant experiences:

When the ladies retire. Allen is left to the tender When the ladies relife. Allen is left to the tender merries of Lord Bouverie, in whose demeanor to him he notices a marked change. The old warmth of manner, and glavingly apparent desire to in-gratiate himself with the rich stranger by over-

Who? Bazzy Paget?" No, only that he's gone to the dogs, neck and

erop."

"The devil! you don't mean it?"

"I do it mean it, though. He's been tumbling downhill fast enough the last two years for any-body to expect it, I should think."

cured all that."

"I dare say the title may have bushed up the little secondal you mention, but it didn't pay his debts. He'd anticipated every farthing of ready money there was in bank, and the estates wouldn't stand helts. He'd anticipated every farthing of ready money there was in bank, and the estates wouldn't hand another halpenny on morther, so there he can be cased the succession tax was peid by his cased. It is useless to try to explain the fact that all the remainder of the thought of sending in his case that the thought of sending in his case the accession tax was not that he thought of sending in his case to access to republications, including among other things "The Schoolmaster," by Roger Assham, Jerrold's things "The Schoolmaster," by Roger Assham, Jerrold's things "The Schoolmaster," and Leigh Hunt's "Wishings assertion.

It is useless to try to explain the fact that all the remainder of the day we were depressed and silent, as if we had something on our minds.

Cap Papers," will be brought out by Lee & Shepard.

Mrs. Peake had sent word that we must be sure and

I remember once—"
"It doesn't signify in the least," Verelier replies, enerly, knowing what they will be treated to if prompt measures are not adopted. "My to if prompt measures are not adopted. Buss in

eldest daughter of his host. Our readers must to him. We can always have the consciousness that, go to the book to discover the result of his troubled whatever happened later, we were sincere at the time gooing. For frank brutality and sordid vulgarity we thanked him. the titled characters of this story can hardly be as one of actually existing manners. The satire the "highfalutin" apostrophe to England at the end seems oddly out of place. It should be noted that there are faults also in the drawing of Allen. He is represented as a man of the world, well also bitterly unjust-which most social satires, bred and experienced. Such a man, for example, would not have committed at the outset the blunder of calling his hostess " my lady."

### LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Arlo liates's new novel, "The Philistines," is on the Ticknor press. The book is said to complete the scheme of social illustration begun in that much criticised book, "The Pagans,"

The recent republication of a letter written by Carlyle is again inciding discussion concerning his extraor-dinary literary taste-or rather want of taste. He Again we expressed thought "Pickwick" poor stuff, and the novels of the great age generally—the age of Dickens, George Eliot, and Charlotte Brunte—mere weariness to the spirit.

"We are now arrived seemingly pretty near the point where are now arrived seemingly pretty near the point."

He'd been sure all glong the bracing weather'd bring that send it from a very full one, where all criticism and proclamation in matters literary her round. has degenerated into an mane jargon, incredible, unin-

Two valuable contributions to American history are ing qualities. Two valuable contributions to American history are announced for early publication by the Scribners.

These are "The Diary and Letters of Gouverneur Mortis," edited by Anne Cary Morris, and the Hon. Hugh McCulloch's volume of reminiscences entitled, "Men and Measures of Half a Century," It will be seen that these books taken taken. these books taken together cover two most important periods in the history of the Republic.

Mr. Andrew Lang is said to be one of the best-paid literary men of the time. "The London Daily News" gives him for his editorials on minor topics \$3,000 a it, that anything we expected to eat should smell exyear; his monthly "Ship" in Longman's Magazine" actly like old whale oil.
brings him in \$500 annually; his articles in "The My friend made the ol body to expect it, I should think."

"Tumbling downbill isn't going to the degs, though is it?" remarks the Duke of Harborough, dictatorially. "Not quite, at all events," and Allen thinks he ought to be an expert on such matters. "I knew he'd got awfully in debt, and heard whispers of his having to leave the army on account of a little affair with his colon's wife. But that was before he came into the title more than six months ago. I thought the title cured all that."

"I dare say the title may have hushed up the "The London Daily News"; he has a hand-those in "The London Daily News"; he has a hand-those he writes and London letters; and copyright remarks the left has a hand-those in "The London Daily News"; he has a hand-those he writes and London letters; and copyright remarks the las

Ticknor will bring out next month the elaborately il-Justinted Mendelssohn-Moscheles correspondence.

"Pardon me one mement. Vereker," says Lord
Bouverie, who has been waiting his chance. "Not
to sell, my dear fellow. Purchase was abelished
in-let me see-seventy-two, no, seventy-one. You
can't sell what you've not bought. Um. Eh?

I remember of the writing guild will go
that Monsieur Zola
the back of infernational copyright tolerable and
make the lack of infernational copyright tolerable and
m to be endured it is this. Monsieur Zela thinks that I went over to Mrs. Grant's for our daily milk.

Fixland, with her shakespears, her Byron and her from before I reached the sharty on the Finding needs't ret up a Paritanical standard in the wind being the right way, I inhaled the fames of to if prompt measures are not adopted. "My Fielding needs?" get up a Firebone standard in the wind coing the right way, I maked the times of belief is that Bazzy Paget went into the Riues in literature." And Monsieur Zola thinks he is in the cooking coots, and I owned to myself, undisguisedly

been nursed into vigor and strengthened for transplantation at the court of that great French monarch whose glorious and protracted reign ruined his own country and at the same time poisoned the fountains of morality in half Europe.

The French Revolution, which burned up and out so many characted abuses, could not extripate that deadly anti-social influence. It has remained the subject which lay immediately under their hands. The influence of the great French monarch whose glorious and protracted reign ruined his own country and at the same time poisoned the fountains of morality in half Europe.

The French Revolution, which burned up and out so many characted abuses, could not extripate that deadly anti-social influence. It has remained to the rest that the history of Napoleon. The English reading world its always curious about the United States—perhaps of the history of Napoleon. The first burned it stops."

"Oh, I say now," shouts the duke, "draw it the history of Napoleon. The history of Napoleon. The history of Napoleon. The first burned it stops."

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"What harm?" I don't in the lesst know what a mustang is. I had a sort of idea it meant a fairy, or."

"Oh ho-ho-ho! Ha-ha-ha!" shouts Lord Beyndour in an explosion of laughter. "That's too good. A fairy! oh, ho-ho-ho!" of the sort "proceeds Verkler, as soon as he can make bimself heard. "I thought it was something cambinentary, at all events."

"Fancy sucking up to him like that!" says Lord Beyndour to the duke. "He needs a devilish good snubbing for his impertinence."

"Fill give him one presently," the duke answers. "Just wait."

"I'll tell you what a mustang is," Allen says, "and you'll see how complimentary, it is, It's a half-bred Mexican horse, half-broken hedf-wild."

"I have assumed that I was addressing myself to gentlemen," he says, hearsely. "Am I to understand that I have been wone?" I happen to have the honor of knowing the lady, and were it not so, she is a country-woman and a woman, may I ask you to refrain from further comment upon her in my presence."

"Certainiy—of course—we didn't know," explains Vereker, who is a man of some knowledge of the world outside the radius of English aristocratic society. "Pray sit down."

"Perhaps you'll allow me to speak, Vereker," soowls the delke. "Our answer to you, is, is this, Wentrants of tall though any and safety and how is a man of some knowledge of the world outside the radius of English aristocratic society." "Pray sit down."

"Perhaps you'll allow me to speak, Vereker, soowls the delke. "Our answer to you, is, is this, Wentrants to tall though any and safety and the restore the old."

"Ball I design me to love is fast, only falle in the least to mean the heart of the world on the the the the trade of the world on the thought and the proceeds the heart of the world on the thought and the proceeds. The cannot have a sum of the proceeds of the world on the thought and the proceeds of the world on the proceeds. The cannot have the honor of knowing the lady, and were in the proceed of the world outside the radius of English aristocratic society. "Pray sid

of the day had so inextricably mixed morals and statecraft that whose desired to testify his abstatecraft hat whose desired to testify his abstatecraft hat whose desired his abstatecraft his abstatecraft hat whose desired his abstatecraft hat whose desired his abstatecraft his abstat

## THE DIKE.

A COOT STEW. Ransom, Sept. 10.-We have had a party and a coot stew on one and the same day. The one was the instigator of the other. If we had not had the coot stew his journey home."

"It's deneed lucky the servants had left the room," remarks Lord Bouverie. "Um? Eh?"

Recovering from this pretty experience, Allen to be stigator of the other. If we had not had the box stown we should not have had the party. Mr. Peaks brought us yesterday morning a pair of the fowls above mentioned. He shot them himself, and appeared to take great pleasure in giving them to us. Not knowing falls desperately in love with Lady Edith, the great pleasure in giving them to us. Not knowing

The animals, I mean the fowls, were denuded of surpassed. Their badness of breeding and of conduct is so unrelieved that it spoils the picture been so thoughtful as to bring their wings, two pair of them, thirking that we might want them to put on is splashed on with too big a brush and the colors hats. He said we might tell our friends when we went are too glaring. They are so glaring indeed, that away that we shot the critiers, if we wanted to, for Ma'shfield without having killed a few coots, and we could show the wings as proof of the truth of our assertion. We promised to consider the suggestion.

The coots looked darker and different than our ideal had pictured them to be. From the first moment of their arrival Orlando had manifested a strong and, at the same time, disgusted interest in them. He wished to shiff at them constantly, and each shiff appeared to

Mr. Peake said his wife sent word to us that if we wan't used to sea-fowl, and didn't exactly know whether we liked them or not, we'd better par-boil them the day before we made the stew, and throw that water away. By so doing we should get rid of some of the oil. "Then," said Mr. Peake, "all you've got to (Lines to a Beautiful Lady. Sent with a Heart-shaped do is to make 'em up jest like any stew; onlons, per-

Again we expressed our gratitude. Mr. Peake said

As soon as he had gone, we washed the coots carebelligible, inacticulate as the cawing of choughs and fully and put them on to par-boll. When the odor With murmuring, "When you see the one rooks." The point we had now arrived at was pretty began to diffuse itself in the little room Orlando went that in which the best works of Ruskin, Matthew out of doors with his nose very much turned up. Arnold, and Thackersy were produced; and the rest of the world has not yet discovered them to be many largen. Poor Carlyle looked at many things, even the world has not yet discovered them to be many largen. literature sometimes, society often, and manners nearly articles I now perceived that I was not pleased with always, from the point of view of a Calvinist peasant, them. But it was not for their perfume we were Will not importune you to marry. All the same he was great and admirable in many ways- cooking them; it was for their gustatory and nourish- That other, craving hosts of things,

Those who remember the lamps will recall the scent they threw around them, if they happened not to be in

It was dreadful, though we would not then admit

My friend made the observation that Orlando seemed

rnw," I said cheerfully, "there won't be anything like

sense of independence as to what July Burns did think of us. I was sure that she pitied us somewhat and despised us more? Was it not true that we had never been able to ketch no man, and that we had not, What more need she to know? But I cared now little as to whether or not we should succeed before we left in modifying her opinion of us. I could not explain to myself why I had ever cared a particle what her judgment was concerning us. My friend declared

I was thankful that Mr. and Mrs. Grant were the first to arrive, instead of Mrs. Durns. We placed Mr. Grant in the shade and then we begged his wife to come in the house for a moment. She limped good-naturedly into the shanty. My friend, with poorly disguised solicitude, asked her if she would honestly tell if what we were cooking smelled all right. Mrs. Grant lifted the lid from the kettle, as if that

were necessary. But the action seemed to make things stronger, and I wished I were outside, in the place Orlando had selected in which to pass the time while we were engaged in what must seem to him barbarous orgies. We watched Mrs. Grant's face and hung upon her words.

"Law!" she said, replacing the kettle cover, "don't you worry one bit. The stew smells proper nice. It'll be first-rate. I see you've got the dumplin's ready. I guess I'll put 'em in." While she was placing the balls of dough on top

of the bubbling mass of potatoes, onlons and coots, she was asked if really the thing ought to smell quite so, well, quite so awful, you know. spirits rise. Her amazement seemed to turn to sorrow

"1'm afraid," she said, "that you don't like coots. they ain't fend of 'em"

coot stew he had ever tasted. I was so elated at hearing him say these words that I was happy during the rest of the time that the party lasted. It was like receiving praise from Sir Hubert Stanley.

Yes, it was a good stew. The feasters not only praised it, but ste coplously of it. They seemed not able to stop eating. But then it was the first stew of the season. We, who had concocted it, could almost say that this was the proudest moment of our lives. I am sure that, if either of us had made an after

dinner speech, we should have used that phrase. It was plain, beyond mistake, that July Burns approved; and we felt that we had at last shown ourselves worthy of her approval. As for me, I will not hesitate to say that I do not like coots. I courageously tasted our own dinner, but that was all; it was more than enough. To quote that always quotable child, Little Marjory, a coot " is

that always quotable cnild, Little Marjory, a coot "is a thing I am not a member of," and to quote her again, a coot "is devilish."

The guests pitted us when they found we could not relish this delicacy. They tried to encourage us by saying that perhaps we might learn to like it. But why, we asked ourselves, should we try to enjoy a flavor made up of the flavors of rancid fish oil and wild fown that appears to have fed on stale fish: a combination of the worst there is in fish and fowl. Is it worth while to spend effort in acquiring a liking for coots!

Ozias did not pity us. I saw that he was glad we did not partake, for would there not be more for him. At last there was one plateful left, and this wa made Mrs. Baker take home with her that she might warm it over for her son's supper. When our party had dispersed we called Orlando in. He came very singerly, with nose elevated suspinously but things seemed better to him. He consented to join us in a plain meal of bread and milk.

plain meal of bread and milk.

### THE EMPTY HEART.

Jewel Box.)

I. (These lots, how they do push and pull one !

And every vain regret I smother, Think kindly sometimes of the other."

This heart your maid can fetch and carry

Would throb and flutter every minute:

But this, except it hold your rings,

Will mutely wait with nothing in it. III.

Oh, happy heart that finds its biles In pure affection consecuted! But happier far the heart. like this, That heeds not whether lone or mated; That stands unmoved in beauty's eyes;

That knows not if you leave or take its That is not hurt though you despise, And quite unconscious when you break it. IV.

That other heart would burn and freeze And plague and hamper and perplex yout But this will always stand at ease.

And never pet and never vex you .-Go, Empty Heart, and if she lift Your little lid. this prayer deliver-"Ah, look with kindness on the gift,

MISS ALCOTT AND HER BOOK.

And think with kindness on the giver!"
WILLIAM WINTER

From The september Wide Awake.

My acquaintance with the late Miss Louisa Alcolt
was begun in so novel a fashion that I feel impelled to
teil about it for the amusement of "The Wide Awake" My acquaintance with the late Miss Louisa Arcote was begin in so novel a fashion that I feel impelled to teil about it for the amusement of "The Wide Awake" readers. I had come from a pretty Vermont town to location, just as "Listle Women" was published, and laving its first wonderful success. I was in one of Boston's largest circulating libraries, beginning to earn my own bread and butter. The furor for the new book was entirely unprecedented, and we had over 200 cupies of it, not one of which was ever in. The order book was filled with calls for it, and as fast as a coty came in it was sent out again. One day, when I had been about a week in the library, a had came in, whose face I liked very much, and asked me for

I had been about a week in the library, a last came in whose face I liked very much, and asked me for something "delightful, funny and nice" to read, by the merest chance I had in my hand a copy of "Little women" hat had been returned to the library, and I was about to do up and send out again. With a sudden funglise I handed it to the lady, saying: "I'm sure this will please you."

She took it, looked at it a moment inside and out, then threw it aside.

I was astonished to see the cherished book treated with disdain, but I managed to ask: "Have you read it!"

him. I saw her glance around at me, and his eyes followed her glance. She was no doubt complaining of my impertinence, and I was sure of reproof, possibly dismissal, suddenly the proprietor burst into a hearty peal of laughter, in which the lady joined. I don't know why it was, but I felt a little reassured, and just then I was called to the receiving desk.

"Do you know who the lady is whom you were just serving?" asked the girl in charge there.

"What, the one talking with Mr. Loring?"

"What, the one taking with answered.
"Yes."
"No. I'm sure I don't," I answered.
"Well, it was the mother of Little Women."
"What i not Miss Alcott?"
"Yes, certainly, Miss Alcott."
"O, dear! and I've just been abusing her because she wouldn't take her own book."
And that was just what I had been doing; but it was such an unconscious tribute to her story that was such an unconscious tribute to her story that Miss Alcott regarded it as a compliment, and, it is per-taps needless to say, neither of us ever forgot our taps needless to say,

# SUCH IS FAME.

From The Youth's Companion. From the tourns companion.

Few Massachusetts men were ever more talked about during their lifetime than Theodore Parker; yet even he seems to have been a "prophet without honor" in the village where he grew up.

A prigrim to the town of Lexington, Mass., asked a man who was mending the road where Theodore Parker was boon.

The wan leaned on his smalle stread at the her was born. he man leaned on his spade, stared at the stranger,

nd replied;
"Dunno,"
"Are you a new-comer here?"
"No, sir; lived here, man and boy, nigh on to forty and year. "Are there no Parkers about here?"

"Yes, there's tew lots of 'em."

"I wish to find the old Parker place," said the

"I wish to find the old Parker place," said the traveller.
"Clifer'n creation, both of 'em." was the reply.
"The Captain Parker place is the one I want."
"They run to cappens," was the exasperating reply;
"but I guess you'd better take that at road to the left, and so about a mile, then turn down a lane, and at the end thee's a monnerment that must be see up for Cappen Parker.

The playing followed the directions, and found the monument to Theoless Parker.

The plurim tollowed monument to Theodore Packer.

GEIT AND PLUCK IN SICKNESS.

GRIT AND PLUCK IN SICKNESS.

Dr. M. Maurice in The St. Louis Republic.

I have seen grit save many a life. I have had a patient who coolly said to me, "I will not die." I was compelled to assure her that she would. There was no hope for her. "Doctor," she answerel, "you are a food. I shail not die." Grit it was that carried her through. A few years later she was sick again, and, as I thought, unto death; but there came the same all-conquering reply. "You are taiking nonsense! I shall get well." And she did. This was repeated a third time, till I actually began to believe she would get well any way and at all times. It never occurred to me to think of her as flaids to die. Finally her mortal sickness came, and I expected to help her up a usual. But now she replied, "Doctor, you can come or go as you please; I am going to die; this is my last illness." "Oh, no." I sand, "we will have you out in a few days." "Nonsense," she answered, "you are taiking what you know nothing about. I shall never be well again." In two days she was deat. Her grit cave out; her pinch was good to the last. She had pluck enough to face death; she had no longer grit to endure disease. There is no queston but that moral and mental grit go with physical to sustain vitality. A stout will wards off the blows of disease. In this case the patient went straight ahead to die wihout a flinch or whine. She had a vast faith in the "All Right," and allowed no one to dabble in theology at her bedside. She marched into the "next life" as she often had into the next year, and had not a tremor. She took her pluck with bet. She treated a neighbor's prayers as she treated any medicine. "You can come if you like," she said. "or you can go. Your prayers can't stop me and they can't charge me—no more than the Doctor's powders." She was a woman of extraordinary intelligence and determination.

# A Hint to Puny People.

From their arrival on this planet to their usually early departure from it, people of weak constitutions and angular physiques pass a sort of half existence. Like dormice they burrow in their home retreats, afraid of heat, afraid of cold, constantly afraid that the shadow of the dread She looked at us in amazement. We felt our reaper will materialize and exact the forfeit which he demands from all, sconer or later. No finer medicinal assurance of comparative vigor for the feeble exists than They be kind of strong for you folks that are made so | that afforded by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Used with persistence-not with spurts and spasms-this genial and All our friends came. I suppose that Ozias will professionally commended tonic will do much toward inlive, for no one seemed astonished at his success in fusing strength into a puny system, and rounding off regard to the amount he atc. Perhaps I ought to be scrawny angles in the human figure. Appetite, nerve humiliated because I felt proud and thankful when, tranquility and nightly repose are encouraged by it, and about half-way through the banquet, the under-witted one proclaimed aloud that he thought it was the best re-establishes digestion and prevents kidney troubles.